





lent and excruciating pains. He soon fell upon the pavement and expired.

The events were related by his comrade and the circumstances submitted to the clergy, but the demon who perpetrated the double murder instead of being arrested and punished was suffered to escape, through the protection afforded by the priests. And while such offences were suffered to go "unwhipped of justice," American soldiers have not only been repudiated for refusing to "touch their beavers" to the priests, but on their commission of comparatively trivial crimes have had one side of their heads shaved, and paraded through the streets of Puebla to gratify the scoffs and scorn of a miserable Mexican throng.

**AMERICAN HURRY.** A writer thus discourses very sensibly, and to the point:—

"Look at the theatres, the people come rushing in the middle of a piece, and before the curtain begins to fall, or the tag to be spoken, or the moral explained, up start a hundred people in a tremendous hurry to get out, as if their very lives depended on being somewhere else within two minutes and a half. How many fine effects in a play—how many *chef d'oeuvre* in a concert have we seen utterly destroyed by this ill-mannered and indecent haste.

Cross a ferry, and long before the boat arrives two thirds of the passengers are crowded at the head of the boat, ready to jump ashore, risking life and limb to save ten seconds of time, a child is knocked overboard—a boy's foot smashed, or a young man in youth's first bloom crippled for life. What matter! That man now walking leisurely up the street got ashore nearly half a minute earlier than he would have done had he not run the same risk, and caused perhaps the accident. Get into an omnibus, and with one foot on the step and the other inside, the driver pulls the door to, whips up his horses, and you are pitched head first into a stout old gentleman's diaphragm; or settle down into a sentimental young lady's lap.

Now what in the name of wonder is the cause of all this—do we gain anything? No! Do we enjoy anything in the everlasting rush? No! Do we live longer or die more happily? No!

**THE NEWBURYPORT HERALD** says, the depression in freights at New Orleans, which was looked for during the past month, that being the only port at which anything has been doing for several weeks, has now been reached. At this time there is the prospect of one of the lowest years ever known in the carrying trade, if the usual amount of foreign tonnage comes over. It is probable that but very few ships will receive this year enough freight money to pay their running expenses. Last year at New York, the rate for freight was never before higher and this year never lower, and as the season advances the same remark will no doubt apply to the southern ports.

The colliers are the only class of vessels now yielding any considerable remuneration to their owners, though the West India and coasting trade for small vessels, hardly yet feels the reaction. At Philadelphia \$3 a ton and upwards is paid for coal to Boston, while \$2 affords a fair living business.

A writer in the Boston Journal thinks the collier fleet is not sufficiently large to do the business, and recommends that about building vessels to turn their attention to this description of craft. He says "fore and aft schooners, rather flat vessels, of about 140 tons register, such models as are built in New Jersey, to carry 200 tons of coal are the most profitable."

**TAX ON SHIPPING.** The authorities of New-Orleans, says the Boston Courier, are exceedingly ingenious, and by no means modest or backward in their schemes for raising a revenue from the shipping which visits its port. The structure of financial affairs in the third Municipality of that city is said to be in such a dilapidated condition, that it requires all the tact and industry of its corporation to keep it from utter dissolution. The New-Orleans Mercury has the following notice of a new and prospective tax upon commerce:—

At the last meeting of the Council, resolutions were adopted imposing a tax on all vessels—\$25 on ships, and \$20 on barks and brigs—which may be loaded in other parts of the city and stop at the wharves of the Third Municipality to get a tow. The favor with which this was received, and the unanimity of feeling with which it was adopted, has suggested an equally excellent plan for the raising of revenue. We are informed that resolutions will be presented at the next sitting of the Council, imposing a tax—the amount of which we have not learned—on vessels stopping at the wharves of the Municipality to discharge their passengers previous to proceeding to other parts of the city to unload. Several vessels have heretofore stopped, without charge, for these purposes, at the wharves of the Municipality, and the imposition of this tax will be a source of considerable revenue.

**AGUSTA, ME.** Eighteen brick stores, of three and four stories, are to be erected here next season, besides more or less wooden ones. Fifty dwelling-houses were built the present year. There will probably be more the next. The work upon the railroad from Portland to this place is progressing smartly, all along the line. Large gangs are now employed between here and Hallowell, grading and doing the masonry. We understand the Hallowell will ply from this place to Portland the next season, and probably the steamer Kennebec to Boston; if not, another will. The new channel, made at the expense of Augusta, by the removal of sundry gravel-beds in this town and Hallowell, thus far affords ample depth of water, and it is thought will continue to. All branches of business are good here, affording full employment to a great number of persons. The population of the town has been greatly increased since the erection of the factories and mills upon the dam, enhancing the value of real estate, and affording a large market. It will not be long before our citizens will ask for a city charter. [Kennebec Journal.]

From the Washington Union:

**A Trip of the United States Steamer Princeton to the Birthplace of Columbus.**

Early on the morning of the 29th of September a vessel was telegraphed from one of the heights near Genoa. She was reported as a vessel of war, bearing the American flag. The vessels of that distant nation have never appeared in the Mediterranean sea without exciting a peculiar enthusiasm among the people of those beautiful but unfortunate countries, and thousands crowded the shores in eager expectation of the arrival of the mysterious stranger, for the telegraph had not ventured to tell what kind of a vessel she was; and the public curiosity was still more excited by the appearance of a battle-ship, which was rapidly nearing the port without the aid of sails, or apparently of steam; for her slim masts sprang gracefully up without sails, and the sea was all calm around her, except in her wake, where the early sun-light played on the waters; and yet nearer and nearer she came, dashing up into the delightful harbor of Genoa.

The crowd increased; the vessel entered the port, and, casting her anchor, swung gracefully around to the breeze, which came freshly down from the Apennines. "Who is this mysterious stranger?" was the question that went rapidly from one to another amongst the dense mass that had already darkened the shore. And yet no one could answer. There she lay in the quiet blue water of the port, thousands gazing on her dark form and slim yards, without pipe or smoke, or wheels or sails. Who or what could she be?

It was not long that a light boat was lowered from her side and went sweeping gracefully through the water with the measured but noiseless stroke of twelve oarsmen. "Dey 'esser un Americano," all exclaimed.

The Princeton had been two days in port, and invitations were issued to a fair and noble party to go on board for a trip of pleasure down the western riviera of Genoa on the 2d of October, to visit the birthplace of Columbus, if the day should be fair. A thousand hopes were excited, and a thousand fears also agitated the hearts of those whose good fortune had numbered them among the list of the invited guests; for the day the invitations were issued it rained till eight o'clock in the evening, and there seemed little hope of enjoying the expected pleasure.

But the light of the next morning had hardly begun to break, when a heavy signal gun from the Princeton sent its echoes up the Apennines, to greet the sun in his coming, and disturbed the slumbers of the city, by announcing to the guests that a fair day was breaking, and that the steamer had lighted her fires.

At ten o'clock the guests were all on board, (excepting a few who could not believe the ship would sail at the hour,) and the Princeton weighed her anchor, and turned her prow to the sea. The Mediterranean, which had so lately been lashed into fury, was sleeping as quiet as though its bosom had never been ruffled, and as blue as the heavens above it.

The mysterious ship dashed the waters from her bow as she swept round the light house and went gliding down the coast.

In an hour the birth-place of Columbus came in sight; and many a brave tar who had heard so much of the first sailor that ever let go anchor on the coast of the New World, saw, for the first time the scene of the navigator's childhood. The commander, the guests and all the officers who were not on duty, crowded to the side to catch the sight. And it was a sight to stir the blood of any man born beyond the Atlantic. There lay the village of Cogoleto, white and quiet on the bosom of the mountain. The commander ordered the decks cleared, and a salute of nine guns in quick succession announced to the wonder-stricken inhabitants of the simple village that a powerful but unknown stranger was approaching their coast. They flocked to the shore, and before the Princeton's boats were lowered a score of light skiffs were approaching. The commander, the officers, and the guests landed amidst a silent and excited crowd of a thousand rustic admirers, and were met by the sindaco of the King, who, on being told that the ship in the offing had come from the country Columbus had discovered, to visit his birth-place, showed the party at once, with a thousand inclinations and thanks, to the house whose inscriptions declare that within its walls the great navigator first saw the light.

It is a strong, well built mansion, standing on the bench, inhabited by a revenue officer, and devoted on the first floor to the sociable purposes of a cafe, where the villagers, who have a few *solidi* to spend, assemble at times to count over the glory of their great citizen.

While the party were standing in the room in which Columbus is said to have been born, it was proposed to erect a bust to him in the church where he was baptized, and which at that moment was ringing out its merry chime in honor of the strange visitors. The proposal was received with universal exclamations of joy; and on the spot the resolution was made to do it. The sindaco told the people, who received the joyful news with shouts of enthusiasm and gratitude. They had long desired to see some monument erected to Columbus; but the poor fishermen, who chiefly compose the population, had never felt able to do it, and no foreigners had ever proffered them aid.

In the midst of the universal excitement which now filled the village, the party proceeded to the town hall, where the sindaco exhibited an ancient portrait of Columbus, whose authenticity nobody felt inclined to question—if we except a gravel-midshipman, who suggested (aside) that the world must have been in a sad state when it was painted, if such a work of art had not made the painter acquainted with the halter;—then to the church, where they showed us the altar where the boy Columbus was baptized. The whole party stood silent and uncovered before it. Around it were suspended many votive offerings, such as poor fishermen might bring; among others, two tiny ships, full rigged. Of course, all brought away some souvenir from the dwelling—some a nail, some a stone and some a piece of plaster. One officer seriously cast his eye up to an iron ring firmly fastened in the arched ceiling. The arrangements were soon made; a blacksmith was sent for, and a few solid wrench-

es tore away the unmistakable relic. It is somewhat doubtful if the proprietor would have yielded on any other occasion, and hardly on this, perhaps, if the petitioner had not said that he wished to take it to one of the greatest Senators in America. He said the truth, for it was intended for Mr. Benton.

But the day was wearing away, and the party embarked for the ship. As the boat pushed off an humble but hearty salute of nine guns was fired from the village cannons, which went ringing with a thousand shouts away among the hills.

The moment the party was all on board the Princeton returned the Pensants' salute with nine guns, and turned her bow towards Genoa. The shouts of the villagers came back faintly over the waters. Eighteen States of the Union had already spoken. "We will give the Discoverer," said the commander, "a gun for every State." The guns were re-loaded; and then followed another salute of nine cannon, which made twenty-seven. They were yet playing among the hills when the great gun on the bow poured forth its thunder, and sent its reverberations away among distant mountains. The villagers returned it, but we could only see the smoke of their small guns.

Every State had spoken. Not a heart in all that broad land from which the steamer had come, but found utterance that day for all the enthusiasm for Columbus that the magical pen of Irving has stirred in the breasts of his countrymen.

We swept around a vine-covered hill, and the little village of Cogoleto was hid from our sight.

While the last three guns were firing, a hundred flags were run up the three masts, which in their furlings and many colors, dressed out the steamer like some fair bride for a gala day. As the sun was declining to the Alps, the Princeton entered the harbor amidst the cheers of the city, and swung gracefully round to her moorings.

The tables of the Princeton's cabin were spread with an elegant and abundant repast; and the hospitable board was surrounded by gay and graceful guests. Every body was happy. We drank to Columbus, who discovered the New World; to Pius IX, who is redeeming Italy; to the Queen of England, for we had some of her fairest subjects present; and to our own land and its President.

I need not speak of the bravery of Capt. Engle, for the man who has had his share in landing 4000 troops under the guns of San Juan de Ulo needs no man's praises; nor of his hospitality, for he makes his cabin as cheerful to his guests as their own firesides; nor of his virtues as a commander, for his officers love and revere him; his men move as noiselessly and as true to his orders as the oiled machinery below the deck. If it be possible to unite what is most admirable in the citizen, the sailor, and the gentleman, these rare gifts are united in him. I need not speak of his officers or crew, for they have come to the shores of the Mediterranean with the laurels of Vera Cruz fresh on their brows.

The proposal of a bust of Columbus was mentioned by the Commodore to his crew, and not a man withheld his offering. "Every sailor under the flag," they said, "pointing to a broad pennant floating from the peak," "will have something to do with the bust of the first and greatest American sailor." So the bust is ordered, and will be inaugurated in due time. And what heart in America will not be glad when it knows it will be done, or who could more appropriately erect this humble monument to Columbus than the sons of that country for which he dared and suffered so much in discovering? C. E. L.

Genoa, Oct. 6, 1847.

**Specie at Matamoros.** The Matamoros Flag of the 10th instant states that in steamer Tom Kirkman, Grand, two gentlemen, merchants of Zacatecas, came passengers, bringing with them two tons of silver, principally in bars, from the mines of Zacatecas and Durango, received there in exchange for goods. Other merchants from Saltillo, with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, were passengers upon the same boat.

**YAKES.**—Jeffries, of Edinburgh, the great Reviewer, remarked, that were a premium of a thousand pounds offered for the best translation of the Greek bible, the prize would be taken by some Yankee, who, till that moment, had never seen a word of Greek in his life. He would immediately, said he, commence learning the language, to qualify himself for the great undertaking, would finish the whole work quicker than any other person, and bear off the premium.

**IMPRESSMENT.**—The Eastport Sentinel reiterates the statement that a seaman of the brig Brookline of that port was some time since forcibly taken on board the British steam frigate Columbia. The brig has since returned from her West India voyage, and the Captain confirms the original account of that transaction. It is added that the owner of the Brookline has represented the case to the government, and claims redress for the interruption of his lawful pursuits.

**BISHOP OF MAINE.** Rev. Dr. Burgess, of Hartford, Conn., recently elected Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Me., also rector of the church in Gardiner is distinguished, says the Hartford Times, for the effective teachings of religion, and by a no less Christian example. He is an ardent friend of popular education, and of the charitable institutions of the day.

**A HINT TO PREACHERS.**—We are told that when Keen first came out upon the London stage, the veteran Kemble who had retired from it, went to see him, and being asked afterward by his friend Boudier, how he liked him, "Why," said he, "his manner is so totally different from mine that you can hardly expect me to like him altogether; but I must say one thing for him—he is always terribly in earnest." This was the remark of a player, but it may serve to suggest a good hint to preachers.

The men employed in digging the foundation of the new church at Jerusalem, have had to make their way through forty feet of remains of ancient buildings before they came to the solid ground.

## LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 9, 1847.

### The way the World Judges.

It is not a little amusing, though sometimes vexatious, to observe the mode by which the mass of mankind form their estimate of one another; and especially of those who, by position or by the show or exercise of talents, bring themselves conspicuously before the world. Take fighting heroes, for example,—we say fighting heroes, for we do not think *heroin* confined to the use of the sword alone,—one man shall, by some daring act of bravery, succeed in gallantly forcing himself from almost hopeless difficulties, or gain some unexpected success over an enemy superior in numbers to his own force: with what eclat his name is sounded through the country! He is the orator's theme, and the music of the poet—he is the favored of the fair, and the envied and admired of the sterner sex. Very well. Gallantry deserves encomium! It deserves distinction and rewards. Others are stimulated to attempt it by such examples. But we will look again. Suppose this same hero had failed in his endeavors, suppose the superior enemy had overwhelmed him at last, although after twice the display of bravery that he actually showed. What would have followed? Not surely the hero-worshipping,—not the buzzards, the songs of the poet or the eloquence of the orator. No! A cold paragraph in an obscure corner of the gazettes, would have told his fate; or if a little more attention should be bestowed, it would have been expended in elaborate criticisms, to show either that he had no business to find himself in the position he was,—or that, by some manœuvre that Mr. Critic could plan, sitting at ease in his lazy arm-chair, thousands of miles from the scene of action,—he might have succeeded instead of failed. Nor is his bravery less *brave*, because he failed in the endeavors he was making. But this is the way the world judges. Success is merit! The success may have been accident; no matter, it is just the same! The success may have been achieved against all the subordination of discipline and law; no matter! See what praises Lewis flatters is bespattered with. He acted against orders, most rashly and imprudently,—hazarding needlessly the lives of his command. But he happened to have a cowardly enemy to deal with, who did not dare to fire even a single gun; and so mere chance gave success to him, when he did not deserve it—unless, indeed, rash impudence deserve success. See what a hero he is. He is dinned and toasted,—has a gold-laced sword presented to him!—and all for what? Not for any actual merit of his, but because he was successful.

So the world judges, we say. How very seldom it is that true merit meets its just reward from a cold and undiscerning world! How often a man of finely cultivated intellect,—of pure and refined tastes,—of high and honorable purpose, and with a heart gushing with the sympathies of humanity, is left to pine in want and neglect,—while the heedless world around him run with rapine after some pretender, who puffs and swells himself with impudence and gas, in the absence of brains and ideas.

### Treachery.

TREASON to one's country, and treachery to his friends, have ever been considered among the meanest and blackest crimes, that ever disgraced disgraceful human nature. Death—death with accumulated ignominy, has in all ages been the doom of the traitor! And he deserves death! His is a crime that can find no apology or sympathy. Judas Iscariot is a name that always awakes indignation.—Who is there that does not regret that Arnold escaped the gibbet? The traitor! Shame and disgrace and punishment are his due and his doom. No matter where a traitor is found—he ought to be despised. He comes to you with oil on his tongue—with proffers of friendship—with promise of support and influence—with protestations of disinterested attachment—with pretensions of honor and truth; he seeks and demands your confidence—he advises about your business; and after you, in the frankness and warmth of your heart, have joyfully accepted his kind advances, what does he do? He goes round the next street corner, and sneers at your simplicity. Perhaps he is in the same business with yourself. He comes to you with many pretensions of disinterestedness and honor, and tells you how anxious he is that you shall succeed—goes out of his way to abuse your enemies; but he has secretly parted from you, before he aims a thrust by which he intends to stab your reputation to the heart's core. Such a man is a scoundrel and a villain! No matter what his age or pretensions are, he is a rascal! And society has put its ban upon such a crime. He only requires to be known, to be as thoroughly despised by society, as he is by his own conscience.

**STEAM POWER AND IRON FOUNDRY.**—We dropped in the other day to look through the establishment of Messrs. MILLIKEN & INGRAM, near Mr. Thomas' Ship-yard, and we were very much pleased with the intelligent enterprise we saw manifested, both in what has already been done, and in the more extensive plans for future improvement. Even now they are turning out the nicest iron castings of all shapes and sizes, and for every purpose which such things are needed in this region—the best of ploughs for the farmer; all kinds of machinery fixings for the mechanic; and a thousand things, the names of which we do not know, for the commercial man and seaman. We were informed that the enterprising owners have in contemplation to substitute a larger Steam Engine for the one now in operation there, so that they can attach a Grist Mill and Lath and Shingle Machinery, to their other extensive works. We do not say we hope—we know they will succeed.

A Farmers' College has been established near Cincinnati, which has one hundred students.

Our readers, in this village, will doubtless be gratified on perusing the article in another column, headed "Thanksgiving Sermon—repeated," to see that the favorable regard in which Rev. Mr. KATLOCH was held in this community, is shared in an equal degree by the people among whom he is residing. We have however, the selfish gratification of announcing to them that the current opinion here is, that Mr K's labors are near an end in their region. It is one of those cases where the loss of one will be the gain of another.

We will say here, that next week, we are to publish Mr. Fessenden's excellent "Thanksgiving Discourse."

**BYRON'S JUVENILE WIT.** When Lord Byron was but eight years old, he was placed under the charge of one Lavender, at Nottingham, a notorious quack, who made great pretensions of learning and skill—whom he delighted to hector. On one occasion, he scribbled down on a sheet of paper, the letters of the alphabet at random, in the form of words and sentences, and placing them before his highly-learned physician, asked him in a grave tone—

"What language is that?"

"Italian!" was the prompt reply, with a haughty toss of the head,—to the infinite amusement of the little satirist, who burst into a triumphant laugh at the success of his stratagem.

Upon another occasion, he took a great dislike to a venerable lady, who frequently visited his mother, and was indiscreet enough to give him offence. She entertained a singular notion respecting the soul, which she believed took its flight at death to the moon. One day he ran to his nurse, with bitter complaints respecting the old lady, and burst forth into the following doggerel, which he repeated, clapping his hands with delight:

In Nottingham county, there lives at Swan-green As cruel an old lady as ever was seen; And when she does die, which I hope will be soon, She firmly believes she will go to the moon." [w.]

**AN EDITOR IS A FIX.** The Editor of the Boston Rough and Ready is evidently in a very critical situation! His case must be a desperate one, and we recommend him as a fit subject for the careful consideration of all benevolent societies! He feels that his caterings for the public taste are not fully appreciated, and is determined to throw away the goose-quill and take to farming at the first opportunity. Well, poor fellow! he can be spared from newspaperdom just as well as not. Hear his pitiable moanings: [w.]

"The editor of this Journal is actually starving for want of bread, and piteously supplicates the charities of the million." "Threadbare and penniless, he appears to disadvantage without suitable boots and breeches. Hatless he is willing to be, since he never walks out in public. Much is said, by certain green philosophers, of 'the good time coming.' The editor thinks it couldn't do better than to give him a call. It was the young dream of his ardent fancy, that he might sail to the port of ninety-nine; but, ah! he is about being lopped off, a withered, leafless branch, at twenty-five. One thing he is determined to do, and that is, to exhibit the next man who pays a ten year's subscription in advance, to Barnum the curiosity-hunter. If any farmer who reads this, wants a 'hand,' the editor would be happy to hear from him. Good brown bread and butter-milk will be taken in pay for a year's work, or pasture rather, for all farm-work is really pasture." [w.]

**MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.** The following lines, which we extract from the columns of an exchange, contains much truth, but precious little poetry:

"A thousand faults in man we find—  
Merit in him we seldom meet;  
Man is constant and unkind;  
Man is false and indelicate;  
Man is capricious, jealous, free,  
Vain, unsteady, and trifling too;  
Yet still the women all agree,  
For want of better—he must do."

**BOOTS.** The great requisites for a boot, are, to have it set snug and neat to the foot, and at the same time perfectly easy and elastic. Who likes to have his foot encased in an awkward, homely-made brogan? Charles D'Orsay somewhere says, "that he can usually judge of a man's standing in society, by the style of his boot!" although we are not prepared to defend this assertion, still, we would advise the admirers of neat and easy boots to call and see our friend Morgan, at the North End, where they cannot fail to be suited! And the quality of his boots is equal to their style; for while he has a particular regard for the comfort and good taste of his patrons, he by no means neglects to make his work strong and durable. [w.]

An apple half roasted is not so good as an apple that is entirely raw; so those Christians who are only half converted are sometimes worse than sinners. Almost all religious persecution has proceeded from those half Christians who cured more about the form than the spirit.

On the Duke of York's "Muses" winning a race at Ascot, his royal highness was observed to look very thoughtful. A spectator asked his companion what the royal sportsman could be pondering on. "Why, you know," replied he, "that the duke is a bishop, and he is doubtless thinking of Moses and the profits."

**GREAT LOSS.** The loss by the recent hurricane and rise of the river Catuche, at the city of Caracas, is estimated at over one million of dollars.

From the Augusta Age.

**Thanksgiving Sermon—Repeated.** "He hath not dealt so with any nation."—Psalms, cxviii: 20.

Rev. Mr. KATLOCH, of the First Baptist Society of this town, repeated on Tuesday evening last, at the request of a large number of our most respectable citizens, the sermon which he delivered to his congregation from the above text on Thanksgiving day. From the terms of commendation in which we had heard this sermon alluded to, we expected no common treat, nor were we disappointed, only in this—it was better than we anticipated. The speaker, who we understand to be a self-educated man, and who makes no pretensions to classical elegance of style or diction, is richly endowed with those superior and more rare qualifications sterling, common sense, and strong reasoning powers.

The speaker commenced by advertising to the origin of our thanksgiving—tracing it back to the days of our puritan fathers. He then reviewed, in a truthful and comprehensive manner, the character of our political institutions of other countries, and particularly with those of Great Britain, exhibiting in strong and clear colors, the great superiority of our own form of government over that of any other nation, and the superior social, intellectual, political and moral condition of our people over the taxed and oppressed subjects of the British crown, who are admitted to be the most free and enlightened people in the old world.

He next passed to a consideration of the subject of religious freedom, and religious toleration, as it exists in this country, and as it does not exist in any other, and depicted in impressive language the evils flowing from a union of Church and State, and blessings innumerable which are the offspring of our free and voluntary system of religious instruction.

He spoke in enthusiastic terms of the vast extent of our country—embracing every variety of climate and soil—our widely extended sea-coast—our numberless navigable rivers and lakes—our swelling commerce which floats on every sea—our rich soil—our free and enterprising people—our boundless primeval forests, and the homes of independence and happiness—the means of moral, mental and religious culture which we furnish to the oppressed who flee to our shores for a refuge from the grinding oppression of the despots of the old world; and of the bountiful supply of food which we send from our well filled store-houses to rescue from famine and death the starving millions of Europe. Surely exclaimed the speaker, in the words of the Psalmist,

"He hath not dealt so with any nation!"

He then passed to the contemplation of the evils of slavery and war, which unfortunately exists in this country. Of the former, he spoke in strong terms of condemnation, as being a social, moral, and political evil, hostile in its very nature to the spirit of our institutions, and as an evil which must come to an end.—But by what particular agency it should be overthrown, was a problem which had not been solved. Bringing an institution under the jurisdiction of those States in which it existed, we must depend mainly upon the action of those State sovereigns for the time and manner of its extinction. Moral and religious influences were the principal measures, in his estimation, to be used to effect its final overthrow.

Of the evils of war, he spoke without reserve. It was one of the most dire calamities that could have befallen a nation.—Of the justice or injustice of the existing war, he had nothing to say. That was neither the time nor the place to discuss that question. His hearers undoubtedly had formed their own opinions upon that subject, he also had his, and on suitable and proper occasions, should not hesitate to declare them. Al! however could unite in a fervent prayer for a return of peace, whatever might have been their opinions as to the origin of the war.

He concluded by speaking in strong terms of reprobation, of the prevailing practice of intermingling political subjects with religious teachings. The pulpit was not in his estimation, the place, nor ministers of the gospel the men, to discuss political matters. Let religion and politics, church and state, be kept separate, and each in its own sphere do what it can to elevate, enlighten and benefit mankind. In this constant inclination to drag political discussions into the pulpit and into religious teachings, he perceived an approach probably undesigned, to a union of Church and State—a result much to be deprecated by every well-wisher to religious and civil freedom, and to man's best interests.

Thus we have attempted, from recollection, to give a meagre outline of a few of the leading points of the discourse. It was replete with just and patriotic sentiments, and expressed in strong and manly language, and entirely divested of that whining, complaining, fault-finding, sanctimonious cant and puling, which is fast undermining the influences of the pulpit, and destroying the respect which our people entertain for the clergy. It would have done those over-pious clergymen who have been so grievously shocked at the sentiments of the Governor's proclamation good to have listened to this discourse, and could hardly fail to have convinced them that it is perfectly consistent for a man to be a conscientious teacher in spiritual things, and still to retain an American heart in his bosom, and justly appreciate the many and bountiful blessings which we enjoy as a nation.

The exercises of evening were rendered still more interesting, by some delightful music from the choir, under the direction of that accomplished vocalist, Mr. BERRY.

**FROM SANTA FE.** Later news has been received from Santa Fe, coming down to October 19th. Col. Newby was about moving south, because of the severe winter, which was approaching. At Los Vegas, twelve government wagons and one hundred men were passed on the 19th, as an escort. In going in, they had several skirmishes with Indians and Mexicans, who had several men killed and their horses captured. The Americans sustained no loss.







Let the  $n$ th order cell be defined as